# SIZZLING, STIFLING YUMA. SUMMER LIFE IN THE HOTTEST

A Temperature Exceeding 100 Degrees for Page at a Time-Benerts that Make it Unrecessary to Guard Besperate Con-vicis-linstrations of the Intense Heat, YIMA, A. T., June 30,-Eastern people who prete about heated terms and flee to the mountains of seashore upon the approach of a brief period when the temperature is among the nineties should consider the case of a town where the temperature from about the middle

of June to early October ranges all the way rom 90° to 120° in the shade, and occasionally goes to 123° for a few hours. What would they think of a temperature for a full month of not less than 97", of two weeks at a time when the temperature has varied from 108° to 115°, and of a week when the thermometer has stood at over 112" in the shade? That is what the residenis of this quaint old town of Yuma experience regularly each summer. So far this season Yuma has had two spells of weather when the mercury climbed up to 117" in the shade every morning for a few successive days, and descended to 96" and 100" at night. From June 10 to 14 the daily temperature here ranged from 107° to 114°. From June 18 to June 21.

inclusive, the temperature on each afternoon

went as high as 117" in the shade.

Yuma has been the banner hot town of Amerea for forty or fifty years. That ancient, palsled, and weather-beaten story about the soldler who lived and died in the garrison at Yuma and whose ghost came back one night for his army blankets for use down in chilly, frosty hell, has one everywhere even Dr. Depew recently told it to a group of reporters who welcomed him home in New York from his tour on the Pacific coast and in its travels throughout the world has given a certain fame to the town. Two gen-American schoolchildren have been taught in geographics that "Yuma, noted for its high temperature, is situated on the eastern bank of the Colorado River, and on the western edge of the Aripona desert." Newspaper paragraphers and eds of Yuma a perennial and fruitful field for their talents. In the forties and fifties Yuma was famous among Uncle Sam's soldiers as the most dreaded post on the frontier, and the letters and diaries of such milfrary men as Gens. Albert Sidney Johnston, Edward F. Besle, and Kearny, who served their m litary apprenticeships here, are full of comments on the hot weather of Fort Yums in the summer months, "John Phoenix" Derby the first of the modern school of American humor sts, was at Fort Yuma for two years, and his humor was developed while writing of the devices of the army boys to avoid

the heat of July and August days in the adobe

buildings of the garrison.

All conditions seem to unite to make Yuma the bet summer spot it is. It is located in a kind of basin on the edge of the lazy, muddy Colorado Hiver, which meanders through desert sands and adobe sell down to the Gulf of Callformer, Away to the west, across the river, and to the south stretches the Colorado desert. several thousand square miles in area. It is so mercless, ghostly, and flerce a desert waste that few dare to cross it by wagon or on foot in the summer months, and in winter or early spring travel er, are careful to be accompanied by a companion or two and supplied with an abundance of drinking water and food. Every summer venturesome miners lose their lives in trying to cross the desert by being overtaken by a sand storm or weakened unto death by the dreadful heat. To the north there are vast plains and uplands of barren, sun-baked adobe soil and a peculiar formation of lava and soft granite, the remains of numerous extinct volcanoes. This area absorbs the sun's heat by day and distributes it by night. To the east are millions of acres that are the next thing to an absolute desert, where nothing grows except by irrigation, and then only scantily; where no one lives who can exist elsewhere. For over 100 miles about Yuma not a tree grows naturally, and none of the forest trees that the people of New England or the Middle States know can be grown even artificially. There is not a thing in nature anywhere in the region to add a degree of coolness to the atmosphere. There are no balmy breezes from anywhere, no sea or lake air to come once in a while as a relief after hours of a steady downpouring of solar heat; not a mountain or brook, a caffon or dell, a grove or beach throughout a whole country to which one may resort for so much as a moment of coolness. One may gaze in any direction from the highest place in Yums, and the only color in nature to be seen is a dull, reddish brown under a blazing sky. Even the sluggish river takes on the bue of the surrounding territory.

Rain falls in Yuma and the region roundal out but four or five times in a year, and only in the sarly winter months. There are, however, some very heavy floods here in the months of Februat , and March, when the water in the Colorado R ver rises and overflows the banks because of

series when months. There are, however, some and months. There are, however, some howe

TOWN IN THE UNITED STATES.

States. On most summer days there is scarcely a breath of air stirring anywhere, and from early dawn until sunset there is a constant downpouring of sunshine. At 5 A. M. the mercury on a warm day is at 87 or 90 degrees. At 7 it has risen to 94, at 10 it is at 103, at 1 P. M. it is at 107, and at 3 P. M. it may be at 112; at 6 P. M. it has gone down to 102, and at midnight it has sunk to 95 degrees. When a wind comes up from off the desert the air is almost shrivelling, and even the natives of Yuma go into their adobe house and shut the doors to avoid the air that comes like that from the furnace room of a foundry. The glare of the sunshine has serious effect on the eyes of people. Green goggles and smoked glasses are commonly worn here by eastern people. There are many cases of blindness among United States seldlers who have been stationed at forts in this region. The flerce sunshine causes inflammation of the eyes. Every one does as much work as possible in the evening or early morning before the sun has got in its best efforts, and there is little or no unnecessary movement about town at midday. To show how hot the atmosphere here really is, it may be mentioned that the writer hasseen mining and civil engineers carry blits of carpet to lay under their feet while at work to keep the sunbaked actobe from blistering their soles. Railroad brakemen wear leather mittens so that they may handle coupling pins and links. The china and glassware in the homes and at the little hotel are as warm on any day in summer as if they had just come out of very warm water, and window panes are unbearably hot. When one puts his hands on a wall in a house on a hot day it feels like the walls that surround a baker's oven. All boress and cows here are kept under roofs or sheds at midday when the mercury is ranging high.

All the residents who are able to do so leave your in a surface of the market water, but even in all yuma generally go to the seashore and mountains in Southern Californis, and they are mostly women and children. But

Canvas shoes and the thinnest cotton socks cover the feet, and a belt about the waist is the trousers supporter.

A large part of the buildings are built of adobe mud bricks. They have walls from two to three feet thick, and are one story high. At hight every one sleeps out of doors. Many sleep thus through ten months in the year. In midsummer no one can well endure the heat and closeness of any apartment. The sight presented from a two-story building or an emisence in the place on an early morning in summer would be long remembered by any one not accustomed to Arizona life and customs. Hundreds of men and women, each stretched out on a cor, may be seen on the roofs in the enclusures at the back of their homes; on plazzas. Many of them are sleeping with their clothes on, others have a simple sheet as a covering, while little boys and girls are sleeping the sleep of the just without the least encumbrance of clothing or covering. When 5 o'clock comes, and Old Sci has risen so high that sleep is out of the question even for the old-timers, there is a general movement on every roof top and in every yard and plazza. At the relicad hotel all the beas are made up every day in summer the beds are made up every day in summer

all the beds are made up every day in summer on the plazza.

The diet of the people in this land of abode and sunshine is very simple. Melons green corn, and such fruit as apricets and peaches are very abundant and cheap. They are eaten by every one. Dried bref, venison, and mutton brought down from the mountains are in every home, and there are all manner of Mexican dishes and soups that every one, even the most recent arrival from New England, eats with recent arrival from New England, eats with recent arrival from New England, eats with releasure in these heated days. Alcohollestimulants are no doubt drunk more generally in Arizona and all the mining localities in the Southwest than anywhere in the East, but when the mercury is rising high, the drinker must everelse prudence in his drams, for the in lense heat tas greater effect on a person in a state of alcoholic intoxication than on any one else. The sudden death of a hard drinker in a period of unusual heat is a common occurrence. state of alcoholic intoxication than on any one else. The suiden death of a hard drinker in a period of unusual heat is a common occurrence in this region, and saloon keepers are careful to see that the toper who is imbibling freely on a hot day either keeps in doors and out of the sunshine, or lets up on his stimulant. Many of the more careful barkeepers in tuma and Phienix refuse to sell any whiskey of brandy to hard drinkers when the mercury is ranging from 110° to 115° in the shade. Physicians here say that the alcohol when heated produces a pressure on the blood vessels of the brain, and one who has weakened these blood vessels by years of alcoholism is a first-class subject for death from alcoholism is a first-class in the summer half a dozen miners went on a spree when the temperature was at about 118°. Three of them died as they lay asiecp in the broiling sun and one of the alters has been demented ever since.

The prisoners in the Arizona Territorial Penitentary, upon the east bank of the Colorado River on the outskirts of Yuma, probably suffer more severely from the terrific heat in midsummer than any other people here. The penitentary was built where it is for the very reason that escape from it in a greater part of the year is practically impossible. Probably no prison in America has auch apparently lax customs from the penitentiary, and the vast area of sandy waste, cactus, and rattleanskes across

convicts with a longing for freedom in their hearts dare not attempt to cross. In fourteen years there has been but one escape from the penitentiary, and the sufferings of that noor fellow, a half-breed Mexican and Apache Indian, were so great that he had become a maniac by the time he reached Sonora, Mexico. Up at the penitentiary the records of temperature show that the mercury sometimes rises to 120 dagrees in summer, and that for seventeen successive days last summer the temperature rose to 114 degrees, and in no night during that time did the mercury go below 97 degrees.

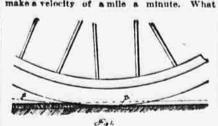
"No one can tell what the convicts in Yuma penitentiary suffer in summer," said an except. "The prisoners who have money and influential friends to give bonds that they will not escape are permitted to sleep on cots in the prison yard all the year round, but the poor penniles devils are locked at night in cells of masonry. The stones and concrete have become based through and through by the days and weeks of solstical heat, and they make the cells within literal Turkish baths. Fancy how you would feel locked in a stone cell, 4 by 8 feet, with heated wails and ceiling, and but a narrow opening in the cell door for air. The poor prisoners in Yuma penitentiary spend ten rouns of each night for weeks every summer in those cells in a temperature of 105° and 107°. I have seen them scores and scores of times lying entirely nucle in their

## PHILOSOPHY OF THE TIRE. WHY THE PREUMATIC IS SPEEDIER

THAN THE CUSHION.

Manner in Which the Einstielty of the Air Helps the Bider of the Modern Bafety-The Question of the Best Pressure to Maintain in the Tires of a Bicycle, In the days of sixty-inch wheels, when the rider was perched high up in the air, ready to take a beader whenever a more than ordinary obstruction was encountered, it was believed that speed could only be made on wheels of large diameter. When the smallwheeled safeties first came out they were regarded as very suitable for timid old men, who did not care about taking the risk of diving over the steering bandle of the older style of bicycle; but for younger men, or for those of racing proclivities they were regarded as wholly unsuited. After a while, however, the pneumatic tires came into use, and it was soon discovered that with these the small-wheeld safeties could be propelled at a much higher velocity than the older style

notwithstanding its wheel of huge dimensions. The fact that the small wheels can run faster than the large ones has puzzled more than one mind, because it has always been supposed that the larger the wheel the canier it would go. In fact, several years ago, an inventor, who was guided by this view of the case, made a wheel ten or twelve feet in diameter. This machine was so arranged that the rider sat inside of it. On account of its great size it was expected that it would easily make a velocity of a mile a minute. What



its actual record was cannot be stated, but its fate was undoubtedly that of many other devices of an equally impracticable character, which in the end find a place in a junk shop. It having been demonstrated beyond all

question that the small wheel safeties would run much faster than the old wheels, those of an inquiring turn of mine began to study up the subject for the purpose of finding an explanation of the seeming paradox. Generally an effort has been made to explain the matter by departing from the well-known laws of nature, and assuming that an extra impetus is given to the wheel by the compressed air within the lire, which, for the purpose of the explanation is supposed to act in an impossible way. Those who have solved the mystery in this manner have assumed that the pressure of the air just behind the point where the tire rests upon the ground, acts as a wedge or pry to push the wheel forward; but if this is true for the pressure behind, why is it not for that in front? And if it is, why will not one action just balance the other? As a matter of fact, it will: the pressure within the tire is the same at all soluts, and therefore that immediately in front of the point of contact with the ground will push the wheel back just as much as that behind will push it forward.

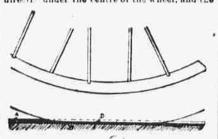
The belief that the air pressure is what causes the wheel to run so easily has been so strong in the minds of some men, that they have devised tires with partitions in them, each partition being provided with a valve that would allow the air to escape forward, but not backward. This arrangement was supposed to be capable of greatly increasing the velocity: but it cannot, as it would not be able to act so as to increase the pressure behind the point in contact with the ground. That this is so, those who have experimented along this line have undoubtedly discovered by this time, although they still may not be able to understand why it is so.

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path of the wheel up grade even, though the road itself be on a level. The effect of com-pressing the dust is to throw the point of greatest pressure aheai of the point that is directly under the centre of the wheel, and the



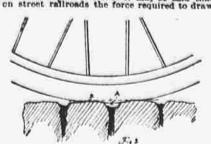
excess of force required to compress the tire

excess of force required to compress the tire in front over that given back in swelling out to its natural shape behind also has the same effect. The combined action of these two resistances is equivalent to changing the grade of the road so as to make it steeper.

If there is no dust whatever on the road, then the only resistance that must be overcome is that of compressing the rubber. This, at a low rate of speed, will amount to little or nothing, as nearly all of it will be given back by the push of the excanding tire as it leaves the ground. But as the velocity is increased it will begin to be noticeable, and the higher the speed the more it will amount to. From this it is evident that on a perfectly smooth and clean asphaltum road, hard enough to not give under the wheel, a cushlon tire should run just as easily as a pneumatic at a very low velocity, but as soon as the velocity is increased it will take more power.

Figure 2 shows a pneumatic tire on the same kind of road and under the same conditions as those considered in connection with the cushion tire shown in Figure 1. As the oneumatic tire is much more yielding than the solid cushion, it will flatten out and cover more surface, as shown by the difference between Figures 1 and 2. As the surface covered is grator, the compression of the dust will be less and the layer of nacked dirt. Diwill be theker in Figure 2 than in Figure 1. From this fact alone it is easy to see that the pneumatic tire will run casier on a soft road or on a hard one covered with a thick layer of dust than the cushion, because as the wheel does not have to ride up so steep a grade at the front one of the run. On a perfectly clean and hard road the pneumatic will run easier also, because the force lost in compressing the rubber of the cushion tire at the front of the wheel is saved. The pneumatic tire will also the compress the front of the wheel the substance of the cushion tire at the front of the hire, as to do this all that is necessary is to displace the air at that point, wh

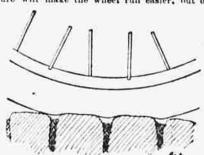
only six pounds, while on iron it is eight, shows conclusively that although the depression of the rail is so slight that, it cannot be detected, it is enough greater on iron than on steel to make a difference of twenty-five per cent, in the force required to move a given weight. The six and eight pounds' pull, as stated above, that is necessary to move one ton reters to rails that have been in use long enough to become polished; with new rails the pull is as high as ten or even twelve pounds. This shows that on very smooth roadways a very slight difference in the condition of the surface comparatively will make a very decided difference in the force required to draw the load. As a further proof of this fact it may be said that on street railroads the force required to draw



one ton runs all the way from twelve to twenty pounds, the difference being caused wholly by the amount of grit on the rails.

Apolying these facts to bicycle wheels it is easy to see that the pneumatic, which spreads out over a greater surface, must recessarily depress it less than the solid cushion which only bears on a narrow ridge; hence the force that must be exerted to propel the wheel will be less with the former.

On rough roads the action of the pneumatic tire is the same. This can be easily seen from Figs. 3 and 4. In the first of these the solid cushion, in passing over the crack between the stones of an ordinary pavement, drops and strikes the corner of the stone ahead, as shown at B, with considerable force. To ride over B the whole weight of the rider must be reised nearly the entire distance. A, between the position of the wheel when over the depression and that which it will attain when over B. When it drops off of B on to the next stone ahead the same action is repeated. This not only makes the motion very unpleasant, but also a mosorbs a considerable power, because in passing over each depression the whole weight has to be lifted. If the lift at each point is, say, one-sighth of an inch, and the distance between points is, say, five inches, the power expended will be equivalent to that required to run up a two-and-one-half per cent. grade on a smooth road. With the pneumatic fire the conditions are quite different. The tire will favren out and cover two or more stones at one time; and on account of its having a much greater bearing, the wheel will not be able to sink into the depressions to the same extent. It will drop somewhat, but nothing like so much as the cushion tire. On this account the joiting is very Euch reduced, and so is the expenditure of power, the difference in the exertion required to propel wheels with the two different kinds of tires being about equal to the difference in the fact that it is more easily compressed and surings back to its natural shape quicker than the cushio ure will make the wheel run easier.



hard smooth roads it will not produce a very noticeable difference. So far as the air presenter alone is concerned it might be said that the lower the better, because one of the reasons why a pneumatic tire rous with less exertion is that if fattens out and covers more ground, and thus prevents the wheel from dropting into every small depression. But as the bending in and out of the tube absorbs power, it is evident that if the pressure is reduced too much the loss occasioned by the extra flattening of the tire will be creater than the gain due to the increased surface in contact with the road. From this it follows that both extremes of pressure will give the powest results, and that the best will be obtained at some middle point. Where this noint is can only be determined by artual trial, as it will different weights of riders. On general principles, it may be said that for soft roads a light pressure will give the best results.

Those who desire to become fast riders could improve their speed quite considerably by providing themselves with a pressure gauge that would register accurately, and then experiment over a given track with different weighting to have in a hand too firs for any human being to have providing themselves with a pressure gauge that would register accurately, and then experiment over a given track with different madmine. Picking up a small slate the wood of which was stamped with magician asked the men to extend their hands on over the other, to the centers of the table. A little stack of six hands having been made. A little stack of six hands having been made. A little stack of six hands having been made. A little stack of six hands having been made. A little stack of six hands having been made. A little stack of six hands having been made. A little stack of six hands having been made. A little stack of six hands having been made. A little stack of six hands having been made. A little stack of six hands having been made. A little stack of six hands having been made. A little stack of six h could improve their speed quite considerably by providing themselves with a pressure gauge that would register accurately, and then experiment over a given track with different pressures. They would soon find that at a certain pressure higher speed could be obtained than at any other. But the pressure that would give the best results on a hard track would not be the best for a soft one. The best pressure for any given road could only be ascertained by actual experiment thereon. The pressure that would reduce the propolling resistence to the lowest point could be determined with great accuracy by using an instrument that would indicate the effort made by the rider when going over the track at full speed, and racers could, no doubt, ower their time very materially by experimenting with such an instrument. As most of the fast riders are in the employ of large manufacturers who fully realize the benefit to them of record-breaking time made on their wheels, and as many of these concerns have engineers of undoubted aidily to advise them, it is not at all improbable that in some cases such instruments have been devised and are used, although the fact would be kept secret so as to prevent competitors from using something similar.

### JOINS BALLINGTON'S VOLUNTEERS. The American Booth's Army Gets a Con spicuone Recruit in Illinois.

From the Chicago Datiy Tribune. George II. Quinlan, the City Treasurer of Evanaton, has joined Ballington Booth's Volun-teers. He appeared in the public parade in that city last night, bearing a flag, and announced his intention at the open-air service of placing his name on the rolls of the army and hereafter taking an active part in its work. His declaration was repeated later in the evening at a meeting at the First Methodist Church, Col. Fielding being present.

Mr. Quinlan is a member of the firm of Quin-

Mr. Quinlan is a member of the firm of Quinlan & Tyaon, real estate dealers and insurance agents. He said while he expected to continue for a while in business he would hereafter devote much more of his means and attention to the cause he e-poused. He intimated further that he might at a later date relinquish the active life of money making and devote his time entirely to the work of cerrying out the aims of the Yolunteers. He said he believed this was the step for him to take, and the conviction which had been steadily growing upon him at last took shape in an open declaration of his purpose.

purpose. Mr. Quinlan's remarks drew forth much en-Mr. Quinlan's remarks drew forth much en-thusiasm from the new brethren and were greeted with "volloys" of amens. The outside townspeople who attended the meeting displayed not a little surprise and the matter was the topic of conversation among those of Quinlan's friends and political associates who were aware of his move. Coming as it does, only a few days after the declaration of Charles Morse, who joined the Volunteers last week, it is looked upon with increasing interest.

the declaration of Charles Morse, who joined the Volunteers last week, it is looked upon with increasing interest.

Mr. Quinlan is about 35 years old and has lived in Evanston for years. His father was the owner of the Avenue House, Evanston, and he was the manager until Jam. I. Twice he has been elected City Collector, and at the last election was made Treasurer. In politics he has taken a prominent part, and represented his district not only at county but at State Conventions. He is also a prominent Mason, an Odd Fellow, and a member of the Evanston Boat Club. In religious matters he has never figured prominently, though he has been a member and trustee of the First Presbyterian Church, of which the Rev. J. H. Boyd is pastor. He said he did not expect to sever his connections completely with the Church on account of his new ties. He is also a gradital of Northwestern University and during it—college days joined the Phi Kappa Sigma fraternity. He is wealthy, and he gives it as his intention to devote much of his means to religious work. He announced at the meant or religious work in the Volunteers, and had succeeded in clearing the Army of its debts.

In speaking of his move last night Mr. Quinlan had this to say:

"I have felt for some time that I was not retting from my Christian experience what I had reason to believe I should expect, and I also considered that I was not doing the work that is incombent upon one making my professions. The field of the American Volunteers appealed to me as one I should enter, and I made the move."

# REVELATION BY TRAP DOOR

A SEANCE THAT SUCCEEDED, BUT SPOILED A BELIEVER.

The Services of a Singe Magician Called In by a Son to Save His Father from the Wildest Schemes Ecommended by Me-diums—An Assistant's Hand Exposed. Kellar, the magician, occasionally performs eats in a private way that are no more interesting perhaps than his stage performances, out possess a singular quality of human interest. For instance, a young man came to him not very long ago and said that his father had fallen so completely under the influence of s certain spiritualistic medium that he would transact no business without advice from the spirit land, and it was feared that the old man was going to bring destruction upon himself through his serious attention to the ghosts Some time ago, the son said, the heavenly guides had advised their worshipper to invest in ome mining stocks of doubtful character, and

he had declared that he would take the pointor. The son was greatly alarmed, and he had come to Kellar to learn if by means of the magician's talent the venerable dune's faith could not be shaken in these shades that came so good-naturedly from the land of the unknown to advise him in everything from the value of mining securities to the best type of bicycle. The possessors of the heavenly truths conveyed their meanings to the old man in nessages written upon ordinary slates. The story aroused Kellar's sympathy, and he arranged a scheme to thwart the spirits and de-

prive them of their plous old victim. The son departed happy, and upon meeting his father said:
"Father, I have discovered a new medium

who is a peach. Ail your friends are not in it with this one. He communes with the spirite every minute of his life, and he knows every move they make. Slats writing? Why, that fellow can just holler at a slate and the spirits will cover it with solemn advice in seven languages.

The father rejoiced at the discovery of his son, and he gladly accepted an invitation to attend a seance for the new medium and get some more advice from heaven.

Thereupon the son simply informed Kellar that his father's name was Andrew, that his mother's name was Martha, and that the name of his sister was Susan. Equipped with these meagre but satisfactory data, Kellar prepared a campaign against the spirits.

An appointed hour found the old man, his son, and a friend of Kellar's there by special invitation to witness the performance scated in the library of the magician's home. Across the knees of the old man lay a bundle of a dozen new slates, which he had brought, Presently Kellar made his entrance, and without any delay proceeded to the business of the occasion. Stripping the library table of its lamps, books, and covering, he remarked casually that the moquette carpet of the room would probably interfere somewhat with the magnetic control of the spirits, but that he thought he could manage the ghosts all right. At his request, they examined the table, and,

thought he could manage the ghosts all right. At his request, they examined the table, and, failing to find any satanic device about it, they took seats. Kellar instructed them to draw their chairs close to the table. The old man sat opposite the magician; the son and the friend were at either end. The room was brillantly illuminated, and remained so throughout the seance. After a pause, Kellar spoke in a low tone cautioning the others to remain perfectly quiet, to make no remarks, and to ask no questions until the spirits had an opportunity to manifest themselves.

In making these preliminary arrangements, kellar's manner was solemn and mystic, his face was inscrutable, while his eyes swept from one to another of the party in those stern and challenging glances which somehow make all victims of mediums feel meek and utterly incapable of doing any thing so offensive as to expose a frand. Presently he took the old man's slates from the table and carelessly inspected them. They were of many kinds and sizes, some in plain wooden frames, some in the decorated borders which school children admire. Picking up a small slate the vood of which was stamped with fluures, letters, and drawings of animals, the magician asked the men to extend their hands one over the other, to the centre of the table. A little stack of six hands having been made, kellar placed his long slim left hand on top of the stack. With his right hand on top of the stack. With his right hand on the sale under the table, keeping his thumb always in sight, however, just above the edge of the table. There was another moment of the late. A little stack of six hands having been made, kellar placed his long slim left hand on top of the stack. With his right hand on the pale face of the pretended medium.

Presently Kellar drew the slete from beneath the table. All cyes were instantly upon it. However, it was still perfectly blank, Kellar eyed it wistfully and in a tone of disapp, intunent whispered:

"The spirits are a trifle slow this eyening."

Aexist her

inscribed it in such a brief period. Microver the writing was in seven languages, Japanese, Greek, Hindoostanee, Arable, Chinese, Russian, and Navajo Indian. The old man had no knowledge of Japanese, nor Greek, nor Hindoostanee, nor Arable, nor Chinese, nor Russian, nor Navajo Indian, but this exhibition so naralyzed him that he didn't ask for a translation.

"Thunder," he whispered excitedly to his son, "this beats anything I ever saw!"

"Didn't I tell you so," replied the young man, "He's a daisy! Shutup now and wait for the next set."

son, 'this beats anything I ever saw!'

"Didn't I tell you so," repiled the young man. "He's a daisy! Shut up now and wait for the next set."

Kellar presently addressed the aged victim: "Please select a slate and write upon it the name of some friend who has passed to the other side of life."

The old gentleman picked out a slate, and writing a name upon it laid the written side downward and slid it across the table to Kellar. Taking it between thumb and fluger the magician slid it under the table as before while the company again starked hands in the centre. Kellar said that the hand part of the programme was a condition imposed by the spirits to perfect the magnetic harmony and concentrate the atmospheric thought currents which otherwise would serious vimerfere with the travel of the shades and make a mobilization of any particular force of spiritual intellect next to impossible.

travel of the shades and make a mobilization of any particular force of spiritual intellect next to impossible.

The magician presently drew forth the slate, but again it was blank. He muraured in chagrin and thrust it back once more. Immediately the scratching of a slate penci, could distinctly be heard, and in a very few moments three hollow rap sounded. When Kellar brought forth the slate, it bore these words:

"Dear friends: We are happy to be able to send you a message through the mediumship of our dear brother. Tell Andrew that we are overloyed in his faith, that his loved ones are guiding his every step. We are a powerful band and will not let him go astray. He cannot feel us, but we touch and embrace had every day. If he could only penetrate the thin veil there is between us he would see Jan. Martha, and Susan standing over him, God bless you all.

The old man's emotion upon receiving this message was very great. He had not altogether expected that the medium could corral his own departed ones from the Infinite spaces of the universe. In a voice hoarse with feeling he requested that this quistion should be propounded:

"Shall I mortgage the farm and invest in the mining stocks?"

Almost at once the slate was brought back

"Shall I mortgage the farm and invest in the mining stocks?"
Almost at once the slate was brought back with this answer:
"Jo so, by all means."
Transported by this proof of the care and devotion of the spirits, the old man leaned heavily against the table. But at this moment a vivid flash of lightning filled the room, blinding the eyes with its white shivering brilliancy and stunning the company with astonishment. When the illumination became normal there were but three men at the table. The medium had vanished.

were but three men at the lates were gone. Upon had vanished.

All but one of the slates were gone. Upon this was written:

"The flash of light which has just dazzled you will be the means of revealing within twenty-four hours that what you have seen and experienced here to-night is not the werk of spirits, but of a fellow mortal.

"HARRY KELLAR."

At the door stood a grave servant who indicated the exit with one calm gesture. The company arose and groupd their way toward the street. The old man went first, and after him his sen. As Kellar's friend was about to step across the threshold the form of the magician appeared, motioning to him from an alcove, and then over coffee and cigars Kellar told the story of the seance supply house, where he purchased a collection of the different kinds of slates manufactured in the United States. These slates he placed in the room underwath the trap, first covering several of them with writing in the seven different languages. Then the preparations were all complete with the exception of an hour's rehearsal with Barney, his chief assistant. The case were thoroughly understood between the magician and his silent and cool-headed accomplice. The seance commenced, Kellar picked out a slate which was an exact duplicate of one of those upon which he had written. This he holds under the table as described. Withdrawing it to see if the spirits had written, he hastily pushes it back with the remark that the apprits were a trifle slow that evening. This is Harney's cue.

s Barney's cue. Underneath on a temporary scaffold the counterfeit pirit unbolts the trap, thrusts up-

ward an arm and graspe the slate from his master's hand. Drawing it through the trap he p'cks out its duplicate from the collection which has been prearranged, and deftly, without a sound, places it under the fingers ready to receive it. Immediately the bogus medium exhibits the slate written in strange languagea as described. The piercing glow of mystorious light was a magnesium flash operated by the magician's photographer hidden behind the curtains, who made an exposure of the scene at the moment when Harney was passing up the last slate. Kellar had all hapds extended to the centre of the table, not for the purpose of centralizing the magnetism but to draw all cyes over the table and prevent any possibility of Barney's arm being seen.

Within forty-eight bours after this affair a photograph was in the old man's possession. It was a very good portrait of Barney passing up a slate upon waich was written advice from the spiritualism.

## OLD MAN RUZZARD'S ELEPHANT. He Did More Than His Share to Help On a I rom the Denver Field and Farm

There was a circus in Denver the other day. and it reminded us of old man Buzzard and the ime he had an elephant on his hands in Pueblo. Buzzard was a Texas drover, and had just come up from the panhandle with a herd of cattle which he sold on the Arkansas to John Hiff, and had received several thousand dollars in payment. A circus and travelling menagerie had just been stranded in Pueblo, and the Sheriff was selling off the show property under an execution. Buzzard was just about full enough on this day to be fascinated by a thing of that sort, and be commenced bidding on everything that was offered for sale. A big snake, seven teen feet long, was knocked down to him for \$500. Next he bid \$2,000 for a Bengal tiger and got him. A big elephant brought \$5,000, and Buzzard became the owner. He bid on everything in such a reckless manner that the Sheriff and the show people were in an ecstary of delight. The judgment was soon satisfied, and the show people had more surplus money coming to them than their whole outfit originally cost.

Buzzard paid for everything, and, being roubled with an irresistible desire to treat everybody, he soon had the show people and every one who would drink with him, as full as himself. A big crowd was following the old man from place to place, and the saloons were reaping a rich harvest. Finally Buzzard concluded to have a show at night and a grand procession instantly. The members of the brass band were full of enthusiasm and everything else supplied by the average Pueblo bar. The circus horses were hitched to the wagons and enges, and the big elephant was brought out and saddled. Buzzard was suddenly seized

cages, and the big elephant was brought out and saddled. Huzzard was suddenly seized with doubt as to whether his proper place was on the back of the elephant or in the cage with the lions. The circus people, discovering that he was an apparently inexhaustible mine of gold, whiskey, and fun, were not disposed to feed him to the lions yet a while, and they persuaded him to the lions yet a while, and they persuaded him that the post of honor and danger was on the back of the royal elephant.

Dressed like an Arab shelk, with turban and aword, followed by Mrs. Huzzard and the children, who had come up from Texas with the mess wagon, arranged in a manner that suggested painted Comanche squaws or wild Circasians, they mounted the big elephant. The circus people could hardly keen their faces straight. The band struck up "Dixle" and the procession started through the atreets. All the town was at windows or on the housetops watching and enjoying the fun, for by this time everybody had heard of Buzzard. Down on Santa Fe avenue, near the Arkansas River, the elephant stopped and began to sway his trunk. Whether a spirit of devilitry sundenly possessed the elephant, or whether the spirit of devilitry originated with the conductor and was communicated to the elephant in some mysterious way, the deconent saith not. Certain it is that the elephant made straight for the river and in he blunged. It was in value that Buzzarl roared. Mrs. Huzzard shrieked and the children squalled. The elephant marched straight into the deep water, and, filling his trunk full, turned it over his head and poured a food into the houdah, hearly drowning the Buzzards.

Old Buzzard dourished his sword and roared like a lion. Finally the elephant lay down and children. Seated on the bone, with the muddy water dripping from them, they presented a niciture to excite the trunk with the muddy water dripping from them, they presented a niciture to excite their base categors landed was on the back of the royal elephant.

Dressed like an Arab shelk, with turban and sword, followed by Mrs. Buzzard and the cuil was a second to be a section of the painted comanche squawe or wild Circassians, they mounted the big elephant. The clicus people could hardly keep their faces estraight. The band struck up 'Diric.' and the cuil cassians, they mounted the big elephant is compared to the property of the town, and an enjoying the fun, for by this time cerety bedy had heard of Buzzard. Down on Santa Fe arenue, near the Arabansa River, at the same time laying on the counters and enjoying the fun, for by this time elephant scoped and began to sway the elephant scoped and began to sway the elephant or whether the spirit of devility originated with the conductor and was communicated to the elephant or whether the river and in he plunged. It was in vain the children squalled. The clephant marchad straight into the deep water, and, filling his time to the first and the children squalled. The clephant marchad straight into the deep water, and, filling his time to try them on:

Bizzard roared. Mrs. Buzzard shrieked and the children squalled. The clephant marchad straight into the deep water, and, filling his time to try them on:

Hold on, you; those games don't go hers, and the children. Seated on the bank, with the moder compared to the elephant was formed to the compared to the comp

impossible to ever again gather such a throng of untutored children of the plain.

There were 5,000 of them-Brulés, Ogalallas, and Cheyennes. At their head was that historical old patriarch of the tomahawk and scalping knife, Red Cloud. While the aged sachem was boss of the day, he had numerous illustrious assistants-He Dog, Big Elk, Dog Ear, Running Bear, Lone Dog, Bear-Upside-Down, Wolf Nose, and scores of others, distinguished slike on the

sistants—He Dog, Bear-Up-ide-Down, Wolf Nose, and scores of others, distinguished alike on the war trail and in the chase.

There were squaw dances the night before in the light of 100 camp fires, while the young bucks were engaged in horse and foot races and aports. The monotonous beating of drums, commingled with the hoarse shouts of the old and the falsette chant of the dancing squaws, was heard long after midnight.

Nevertheless, Aurora had partly begun to silver the tops of the tailest buttes in the morning before the whole plareau was in a very parcexam of uncartily sounds and metion. Scores and scores of half-naked, feather-bedecked warriors dashed hither and thither over the plain on their little rats of ponies, yelling like flends and firing rifes at every jump.

Painted indians on painted ponies were shortly swarming the plain, while a wail of squaws two and three deep enclosed the vast arena and kept the air vibrating with shricks of encouragement or wails of lamentation. So like a coyote's is the tongue of a Sloux belle that it is at but impossible to tell when she is mighty tickled or in the last agony of death.

There was a short interval of bantering between Big Elk, stripped to eagle plume and breech clout, and Standing Bear, in a war bonnet reaching to his heels, and with a big brass breastpin. Big Elk shook his rifle in deflance, while Standing Bear worked his braceleted arms and long lance in the wildest manner.

A hush and hien simultaneously each sounded his war err. Then came a very deluge of white ponies with green tails, black ponies with yellow stripes and plink manes, polka-dotted and checked ponies, and ponies in fact, of all the colors of discepth's coat—some with tails painted, with gaudy ribbons, withes, and willow branches; others with buffalo horrs attached to the sides of their heads and scale hore tails. Ribbons withes, and willow branches; others with buffalo horrs attached to the sides of their heads and scale painted, with gaudy ribbons, withes, and willow branches; others w

### An Indiana Ice Cavera From the Cincinnati Enquirer.

An Indiana Ice Cavera.

From the Cincinnati Enquirer.

One of the most remarkable natural phenomena that have been discovered in recent years has just been reported in the southwest corner of Brown county, Ind., near the village of Elkinsville. It is a cave and is on the farm of Billy Moore.

At its entrance, which is completely overlapped by the trees, cold air is plainly perceptible. The opening appears not unlike a mine shaft long distbeed, but the steep, rocky descent shows nothing of an artificial construction. The winding way leads to a cavera which is fully fifty feet below the surface. This is like a broad vanited corridor, and is known to the natives as the Devil's Chamber. The air in this spartment is near the freezing point. From this point quite a number of halls lead off in a confusing manner, but the one to the loc vault is evident from the cold blast which comes from it.

The descent in this natural corridor is similar to the recky decline at the entrance of the cave, but not over a dozen yards within the loc is plainly visible, and further on it is thick on all sides, like the crust that is formed on the pipes of an ice plant. A little further on the descent entirely cases, and here the walls are frozen hard like the ground in the middle of the winter. Then the narrow way leads into a mammont phamber known as the ice towers in a ministure mountain. It stands in a solid mass extending downward to a depth which it would be folly to conjecture.

# THIS MAN WAS FROM TEXAS HE MADE IT HIS RUSINESS TO

EVEN UP A SCORE. Then He Mounted His Peny and Rode Away

-The Moral Esthat Most Native Texass

Know How to Use Small Firedram.

From the Courier-Journal.

It was at the cosey hostelry of a small India, ana town on the banks of the Ohio. We weed smoking our cigars on the veranda and exet changing reminiscences of by-gone days. The conversation had drifted to the use of firearms, and the startling promptness and efficiency with which they were still handled in certain sections of the country. Amongthe listeners was a man known by the name . of Tom Turner. His life had been a most eventful one. By turns rancher, horse breaker, cowboy, miner, teamster, newspaper correspondent, and gentleman, he had lived in every style in every State in the Union, besides having roughed it in Mexico, South and: Central America, and Cubs.

"I'll tell you what it is, gentlemen,! ender Tom, "you may talk about the facility shows in in some of the States in the matter of haddling shooting irons, but wher it comes down to the masterly use of a gun the native Texas. is the superior of any man living.

"In the fall of '78 I had been working in m. small town in Montana, preparing, in collaboration with its editor, a 'souvenir' edition of a paper. My work completed, I turned my faces toward the Golden Gate, with no well-defined, purpose in view save that of enjoying mysels while my money lasted.

"By easy stages I had proceeded as far an Mojave, a small California town, numbering about two thousand inhabitants, composed mostly of miners, gamblers, adventurers, and that nondescript predatory class invariably to be found where there is any hope of gain to be derived from plundering, gaming, or scheming, The form of law existed, and, in a perfunctors manner, its processes were ocasionally exsecuted. But theft and murder were every-day incidents, rarely punished except by individe ual retaliation and reprisal.

"I had strolled into the principal barroom, of the town to slake my thirst with a cooling a drink, the afternoon being blazing hot. The place was conducted by a fellow who wasknown among the community by the sobriques of 'Red' Mike a burly, beetle-browed, powers fully built man of about 30 years of age, am ex-prize fighter and a bully, who, by reason of his physical prowess, had achieved some repus tation as a slugger. Lounging about the room were a number of habitues of the place, smoke, ing, drinking, card playing, and discussing plans for the accomplishment of new villainous

schemes.
"My glass had been almost drained, and & was preparing to depart, when there entered, the room a young fellow, almost a boy, who, from his appearance, I judged to be a section.

versary with a blind. At a state of the man was upon him, and, getting his head in chancer, proceeded to administer some severe punishment. Striking with one arm to ward away the blows being rained upon him, the berkeeper stealthly reached for his hip pocket with the other, and, producing a pictol of the building pattern, placed its muzzle against the stomach of the other and pulled the trigger twice in rapid, succession.

placed its muzzle against the storach of the other and pulled the trigger twice in rapid. Succession.

"With a groan the railroad man sank to the floor, exclaiming. "My God, boys, he's killed me. These were the only words he spoke. A few seconds afterward the breath had left his body.

"Of course there was an inquest. Ne town in that country, however, lawless, but goes through the form of a quasi-judicial insquiry as to the cause or causes of an unnatural death.

"Of course, also, the saloon man was executed the verdict being to the effect that the killing had been done in self-defence.

"On the afternoon following the inquest several persons were standing around in front of the hotel, discussing the occurrences of the day. In the centre of a group composed of the rougher elements of the community stood Re. Mike, exploiting as though it had been a marictorious deed the episode of the killing.

"While thus engaged a man who had been noticed as a newcomer in the town for a day or two preceding the shooting sauntered up to the group in which the saloon bully was helding forth. He was a finely formed specific the specific of man accustomed te specifies in the fashien of the country and hooked and every inch a fighter. His face was swarthy, like that of a man accustomed te spending his days in active exercise in the open air. His over was keen and piercing, and under a heavy black moustache could be traced a mouth indinative of indomitable courage and resolution.

"Stepping up to the saloon keeper he said in a quiet tone:

"I'm told that you are a fighter. Is that true."

"I don't know that it's any business of the course and resolution."

"Stepping up to the saloon keeper he said is, a callet tone:
"I'm toid that you are a fighter. Is than a callet tone:
"I'm toid that you are a fighter. Is than a callet tone:
"I'm toid that you are a fighter. Is than a callet tone:
"I'm toid that you are a fighter. Is than town, answered the barkeeper, glaneing unseasily at the newcomer.
"Well, I lintend to make it my business,' resioned the stranger. The been in this town for two days. I saw you murder—yes, murder—a mere boy in cold blood, and in the most dastardly manner. I've seen a jury of your-friends exonerate you when you should have been hanged like a dirty, cowardly dog that you are. I'm from Texas. In my State, if the law lets a red-handed murderer go free we find, you've got to settle with me—you've got to fight me.
"As the Texan proceeded his brows came together in an ominous frown, and his eyes fairly blazed with a fire that boded no good to the hero of the barroom fight.

"Have you a gun with you?" continued the man from Texas.
"No,' came from the blanched lies of the saloon keeper, now thoroughly frightened one of his usual assurance.

"Then send out and get one—no, you can's go yourself, said the Texan, stepping quickly in front or Red Mike, who had made a motion to start in the direction of his saloon. There'll be no shotgun business about this affair.
"A messencer was despatched for a pistel, shinh was taken from his hand by the man from Texas uoon his return before it could be handed to the saloonkeeper.

"Now, step back, every one, said the stranger in a menacing voice. This affair is between this man and myself and it won't be well for any one to interfere. Drawing his own gun from his hip pocket and approaching Red Mike with the other pistol extended in his hand be said:

"Here's your gun. When it is in your handled to the saloonkeeper.
"I'm indirection of his game of the wat the movement was imperceptible to the excited onlockers; the man from Texas had fired. The slayer of the young ratiroad hand dropped to the ground, a builet through h